Bona. Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower ſhortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake,
Queene. Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Meſ.*
Lewis. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what aſſurance
I ſhall haue of thy true loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.
Queene. With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Loue her ſonne *Edward*, ſhe is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
Lewis. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie ſoldiors for to goe with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall wafe them ſafely to the Engliſh coaſt,
And chaſe proud *Edward* from his ſlumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.
War. I came from *Edward* as Embaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre ſhall anſwere his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I ſhall turne his ieſt to ſorrow.
I was the cheefe that raiſde him to the Crowne,
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloſter, Montague, Haſtings, and Penbrooke, with ſoldiors.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloſter,

What

What thinke you of our marriage with the Lady *Grey*?
Cla. My Lord, we thinke as *Warwicke* and *Lewis*
That are ſo ſlacke in iudgement, that they will take
No offence at this ſudden marriage.
Edw. Suppoſe they do, they are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*,
And I am both your King and *Warwicks*,
And will be obeyed.
Glo. And ſhall, becauſe our King, but yet ſuch
Sudden marriages ſildome proueth well.
Edw. Yea brother *Richard*, are you againſt vs too?
Glo. Not I my Lord, no, God forefend, that I
Should once gainſay your highneſſe pleaſure,
I, and twere pitty to ſunder them that yoke ſo well together.
Edw. Setting your skornes and your diſlikes aſide,
Shew me ſome reaſons why the Lady *Grey*,
May not be my Loue, and Englands Queene?
Speake freely *Clarence*, *Glocester*,
Montague, and *Haſtings*.
Cla. My Lord, then this is mine opinion,
That *Warwicke* being diſhonored in his Embaſſage,
Doth ſeeke reuenge to quit his iniuries.
Glo. And *Lewis* in regard of his ſiſters wrongs,
Doth ioyne with *Warwicke* to ſupplant your ſtate.
Ed. Suppoſe that Lewis and Warwicke be appeaſde,
By ſuch meanes as I can beſt deuiſe.
Mont. But yet to haue ioynd with France in this
Alliance, would more haue ſtrengthened this our
Common-wealth, gainſt forraine ſtormes,
Then any home-bred marriage.
Haſt. Let England be true within it ſelfe,
We need not France, nor any alliance with them.
Cla. For this one ſpeech, Lord Haſtings well deſerues,
To haue the daughter and heyre of the Lord *Hungerford*.
Edw. And what then? it was our will it ſhould be ſo,
Cla. I, and for ſuch a thing too the Lord *Scales*
Did well deſerue at your hands, to haue the
Daughter of the Lord *Bonfield*, and left your

 Brother